

VOL. LXV. No. 1680.

PUCK BUILDING, New York, May 12th, 1909.

PRICE TEN CENTS.



"What fools these Mortals be!"

Puck

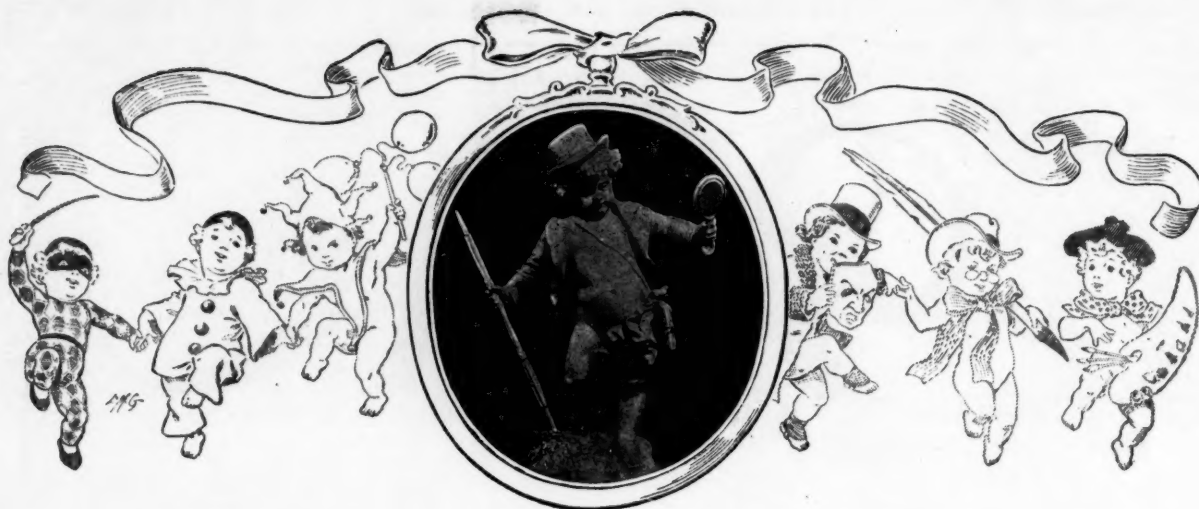
Copyright 1909 by Keppler & Schwarzmann.

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.



THE PUCK PRESS

TRY YOUR STRENGTH, GENTS!
THE HARDER YOU HIT IT, THE HIGHER IT GOES.



Published by
KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.
J. KEPPLER, Pres., A. SCHWARZMANN, Vice-Pres.,
E. A. CARTER, Sec. and Treas.
995-999 Lafayette Street, New York.

PUCK
No. 1680. WEDNESDAY, MAY 12, 1909
A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

Issued every Wednesday. - \$5.00 per year.
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance

"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

ACCORDING to Senator Bacon of Georgia, who is a Democrat around election, "party platforms are written in the night, and in a hurry, and mean nothing." Senator Bacon was alluding to the Democratic platform. The same is true, we presume, of the Republican platform. It was written at night, and in a hurry, and it means nothing. There is a big misunderstanding down in Washington if that is the case. In his stand for a revised tariff, President Taft insists that Congress make good the pledges of the last Republican platform. If he took the trouble to inquire, he would doubtless find that the Republican platform is held in as high esteem by Republicans like Aldrich and Cannon as the Democratic platform is held by Democrats of the Bacon stamp. Can it be possible that Mr. Taft is unaware that party platforms are written in the night, and in a hurry, and mean nothing?

AGAIN come glad tidings of the hundred-year-old gentleman who has drunk whisky every day of his life. This time he is not an "ad," but a news story, and lives in St. Louis and is in the habit of drinking a gallon of whisky every week. Naturally this proves that the Prohibition movement is actuated by spite.

PROFESSOR MÜNSTERBERG says there is no such thing as the subconscious mind. This seems to be final, so we ask all those ladies and gentlemen present who have succeeded in health or business by any subconscious hanky-panky devices to kindly drop back where they were before.

A BUST of Roosevelt will be placed in the Senate Chamber. In the classic slang of the day, this ought to get enough goats to justify the appointment of a Government goatherd.

COMMUNICATION with Mars is expected any time now. After we get on a friendly conversational basis, it might pay to ask the Martians if their canals are dug lock or sea level?

CONGRESS has instituted an old-age pension for a horse up in Maine. We may not be fully anglicized yet, but we're coming along nicely, thank you.

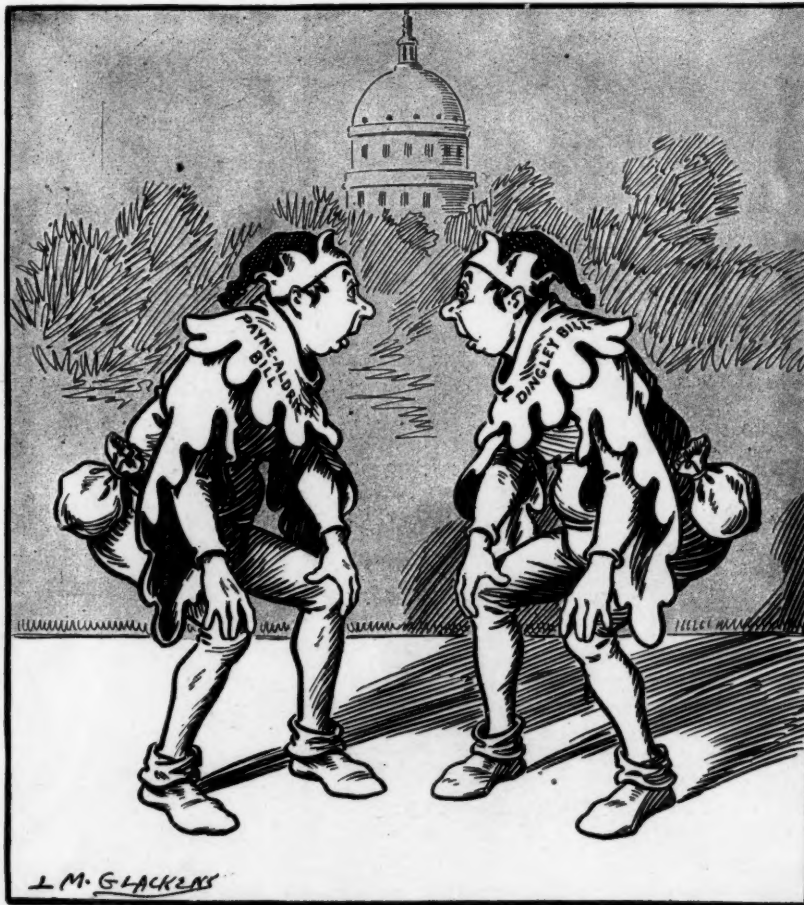
A STATISTICIAN estimates that 2,500,000 Americans have seen "The Merry Widow" at an outlay of \$2,694,000. Subscribers with a taste for these things will be interested in learning further that 48,632 hurdy-gurdys playing the Merry Widow Waltz have caused 532,673 plain and 4,896,577 fancy curses; that 66,327 literary persons have written 1,437,650 Merry Widow paragraphs; and that 10,783,962 men have had their noses skinned by Merry Widow hats. This is positively final.

THE BIRTH of an heir to the throne of Holland won't awaken any vociferous college cheers in the vicinity of the Imperial Palace at Berlin.

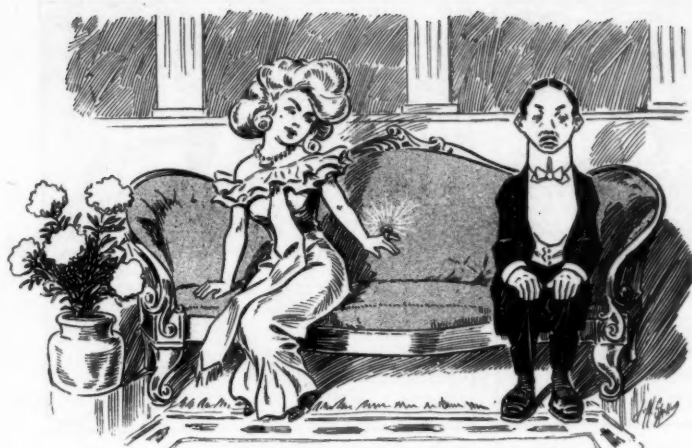
IT is prophesied that several years will slide into the dim, distant past before the Sugar Trust turns over the last of its \$9,000,000 of unpaid duties. This is *dolce far niente* with a vengeance.

"THERE is one gratification I can take away with me," said Richard Croker, on sailing for the other shore. New York got off cheaply.

A BROOKLYN MAN is publishing a magazine just because he wants to get even with the local police force. The hope is wide-spread that the police won't offend anyone else.



THE TWO DROMIOS.



"DRAWN FROM THE WOOD."

TO ERR IS HUMAN.

I AM going to tell you the truth about yourself," he said.
 "Go on," said the young and ambitious actress.
 "I have in my time had rare opportunities to observe beautiful, graceful, and talented women, and I violate no confidence in saying that you are the queen of them all. You unite in your lovely person that peculiar magnetism which lays audiences at your feet. Your genius, shining through all the deficiencies of stagecraft, enables you to triumph over every obstacle. So supreme are you, that you have the right to rise above all conventionalities, to marry, to love, to discard whom you please, and no one will dare to criticize. Your work will live. You are the very personification of the highest art. United with this, your perfection of beauty gives you the just title to a lasting fame."
 "Is all that true?" she asked softly.
 "Absolutely. Would you have me say more? What more could I say?"
 She sighed.
 "You might," she answered, "have mentioned my clothes and my figure!"



"MOVING" SHAKESPEARE—GETTING THE FILMS.

DUKE (to Orlando).—True it is that we have seen better days.
 —As You Like It.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT SENATOR.

IT WAS an ancient Senator
 Who stoppeth one of three.
 "By thy long face and worried air,
 Now wherefore stopst thou me?"
 "The *Tariff Bill*," he said, "was fraught
 With gold when it set sail;
 A land-locked harbor dead ahead,
 Behind a favoring gale.
 But Skipper Payne, who held the wheel,
 Heard mutterings of a storm,
 And, looking back, beheld the clouds
 Of wrath begin to form.
 Then down upon the *Tariff Bill*
 Rushed swift the hurricane
 Of stockings, lumber, hides, and gloves,
 Engulfing poor old Payne."
 He paused to wipe a vagrant tear,
 Then to his tale again.

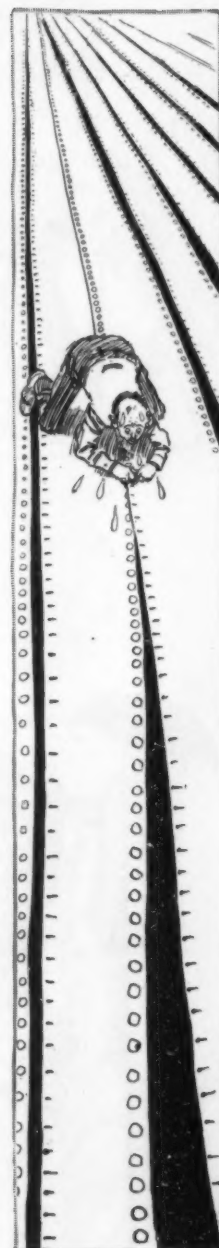
"What though he knew his ship was staunch,
 Well-fashioned fore and aft,
 The ribs and keel framed by the hands
 Of Aldrich, Cannon, Taft?
 The skipper trembled 'neath the gale
 That brought such wild turmoil—
 He sought to soothe the angry seas,
 And overboard went oil!"

"Alas! that I this tale should tell!"
 He murmured, "Woe is me!
 How it will rack the gentle soul
 Of generous John D.!
 The man who shot the albatross
 Is left far, far behind—
 No more we'll read: 'Dear Senator';
 And then: 'Enclosed please find.'
 Unless," and here he clutched the sleeve
 Of him who sought to run,
 "Unless somehow the thoughtless
 deed
 Of Payne can be undone."

Then spake the list'ner he had
 fixed
 With that disordered eye:
 "Your tale is sad, indeed, but
 still
 A gleam of hope I spy.
 Though Payne has quelled the
 angry waves
 By throwing over oil,
 A search of that same *Tariff Bill*
 His reckless act may foil.
 Within its hold and on its deck
 Are stacked above, below,
 Full many a cask and box and keg
 Of treasure marked 'S. O.'
 If these be saved from ruthless hands
 Until the journey's done,
 We'll overlook that waste of oil
 And pardon every one."

With form erect and mind at ease
 The Senator passed on,
 While J—n D. A-c-b-d smiled serene
 And with his pals was gone.

Frank X. Finnegan.



HIS NIGHTMARE.

HIS WIFE'S VOICE.—
 Hurry and finish button-
 ing me, dear, or we'll
 miss the first act.

SATANIC MAJESTY.—Well, how do you like the place?
 NEW YORKER.—Oh, well, it looks like hades. But
 I need a good rest, anyhow!

The line of least resistance is the thin line between necessities and luxuries,
 looking from the former toward the latter.

A GRAPHIC DEMONSTRATION.



The beautiful damsel catches her heel in the switch. Terrified, she—



—gives up in despair, when a brave young man, taking something from his pocket, quickly—



—removes the shoe, remarking: "Merely to illustrate the ease with which Packard's Patent Pumps are put on or off. They fasten up the back. Next demonstration at Dead Man's Curve, Lizzie."

THE FUNNIEST MAN.

I've grown to love the faithful joke
On Teddy's tour d'Afrique;
The fun that basket hats evoke
Is ripping, new, unique;
But if you'd spring the jest most neat
Of all that men can crack,
Just roar (at nothing) when we meet
And whack me on the back

I like the venerable quip
On baseball grandmas dead;
The glow of ancient comradeship
O'er Spring pote wit is shed;
But of all humor, his the best
Who greets me, on his toes,
Squares off and grins (oh, luscious
jest!)
And jabs me on the nose.

I'm very fond of folk who crow
"Cheer up" when I am sore.
The man who winks, so I may know
He's joking, I adore;
But deepest is my soul's content
When, with consuming glee,
A human comic supplement
Jerks chairs from under me!

Chester Firkins.

TOO MUCH SPIRIT.

"Is there much public spirit in this town?" asked the city boarder of Si Clovertop, when that worthy was taking him from the railroad station out to the Clovertop farm.

"Much what?"

"Public spirit. That is, does the town try to keep up with the times in the improvements? Is it progressive?"

"Wal, I reckon you'd thought so if you'd been to our last town meetin' an' saw how they voted away the taxpayers' money, by heck! Voted to have the floor o' the bridge over Goose Crik all ripped up an' a new one laid at the cost of a good sixty dollars. Then they voted to spend forty-five dollars repairin' the town hoss-sheds that don't leak none to hurt. An' as if that wa'n't outrage enough they voted to spend twelve dollars an' sixty cents for a new town pump an' six dollars an' a quarter to have the door o' the town-hall painted an' a new knob an' new hinges put on it. If there had n't happened to be enough of us farmers there to vote it down they'd 'a' wasted fifty dollars o' the taxpayers' money fixin' up the sidewalks an' ten dollars more for two new kurosine lamps for the streets. I reckon

if you paid taxes here you'd think there was a little mite more public sperrit than you wanted when you had to ram your hand down into your jeans and help pay for it, by heck!" M. W.

HORTICULTURE.

"Who is this wizard fellow Luther Burbank, anyway?"
"Why, he's the chap that's all the time getting up new trimmings for women's hats!"

VIEWPOINTS.

POET.—Isn't it a shame the way those vandals are blasting away the beautiful Palisades?
BUSINESS FRIEND.—I should say so. Why, that was the finest place in the world to paint patent medicine ads!



TO THE MANNER BORN.

THE SIX-YEAR OLD.—Say, Kid, that'll fall if yer put another block on it. Gimme yer new top an' six marbles, an' I'll let yer do it. My father's a building inspector.

The law helps those who help themselves.

IT WORKED WHILE HE SLEPT.



RIP VAN WINKLE, just awake, staggered down to the village outskirts. He hardly knew the place. What had been a swamp before he fell asleep, now bore a sign with huge letters, "Terrace View Park; Villa Plots for Sale." A steam-roller was at work leveling crushed stone on a street Rip had never seen before, and did n't know the name of. It was "Tulip Boulevard"—a queer name, Rip thought, as he read the placard at the corner.

Getting more and more dazed, Rip tottered nearer town, crossing the River Street bridge, and going up South Street to Main. Here his jaw fell three inches and his lowermost whiskers tickled his knees, for—Great Washington Irving!—what was that? There was Rip's house, sure enough, a tumble-down, weather-swept ruin, but still recognizable. Rip's fence was all gone, but one rotten gate-post was still standing. Bricks were missing from the chimney—but it was n't these things that dumfounded honest Van Winkle. It was the fine "brick block" of stores on one side of his property, and the new four-story "Eagle Hotel" on the other—both erected since he ducked out into the storm, twenty years before, to escape the wrath of Mrs. Rip. All Main Street was changed, in fact; changed and new. There were rows of fine buildings everywhere. Rip felt his poverty keenly.

The little real-estate agent was talking briskly, and Rip was his sole auditor. Several hours had elapsed since the latter's re-

turn; he had made himself known after some vigorous effort, got a shave and a shine, and was now learning something to his advantage.

"Yes, my dear Mr. Van Winkle," the real-estate agent was saying, "your return was a most timely one for you. Your land some time ago was selected as the site for the new bank building, but until it could be learned whether you were alive or dead, no clear title could be obtained to it. Now that you have turned up safe and sound, I am empowered to offer you the sum of twenty thousand dollars for your property."

"Twenty thousand dol— Why, the house ain't fit for kindlings, scarcely!" gasped the dazzled Rip.

"The house will be torn down and sold to a second-hand building contractor for about fifty cents, probably," said the real-estate man. "We want the land. Property on Main Street has grown tremendously in value in the last few years, and your lots are among the most desirable. Well, what do you say? Twenty thousand dollars?"

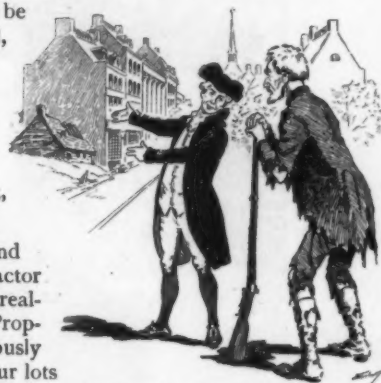
Rip rubbed his eyes, and when he replied it seemed as though he were talking to himself.

"A rich man," he mused. "Yes, rich! And all I did to make me so was to sleep. Oh, why did n't I sleep fifty years instead of twenty? Then the old place might have netted me half a million!"

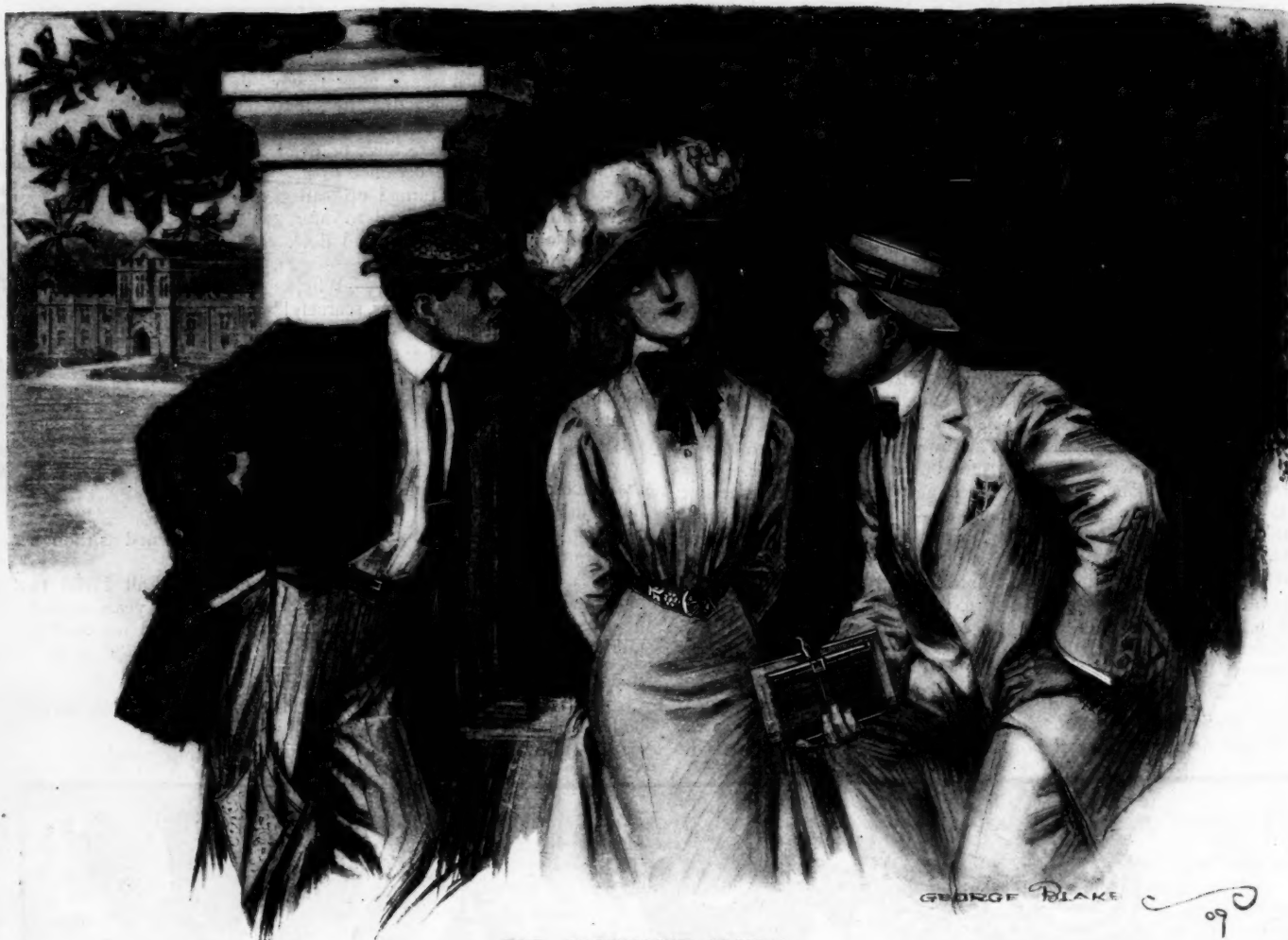
A. H. F.

MOTHER.—Why did you permit Mr. Dasher to kiss you in the hall last night?

DAUGHTER.—Why, that was the first opportunity he had!



THE LOST HUSBAND — WHICH ONE IS HIS WIFE?



THE POSSESSIVE PLURAL.

ADVENTURES OF ALICE.

BEING CERTAIN EXTRACTS FROM HER DIARY.



PHILADELPHIA, April 15.—Gracious me! Shall I ever get out of this town alive? I have scarcely had a breathing spell since I got off the train. The very first thing, I was caught in a perfect rush of people and hurried along I scarcely knew where. I never before saw anything like it in this country. Nobody seems to have any time to spare here—not a moment. Clang, clang! Bang, bang!! Rattle, rattle!!! All night long; all day long. My senses are in a perfect whirl—I can scarcely write coherently. I wonder if anyone *ever* sleeps here at all! I must escape the rush, the jam, the push, and the horrid hurrying!

WASHINGTON, April 16.—What a lovely town Washington is, but how full of surprises! So many statesmen, and so many Government clerks—and the statesmen all look like clerks, and the clerks all look like statesmen! Of course, I went to see the President—Washington is *so* democratic in things of that kind. The President was not very cordial in his greeting, but he invited me to sit down, which I did, and we had a nice, quiet, two-hours' chat, nevertheless. I wonder why Mr. Taft never smiles? Cares of state, I suppose. Then I went out to see Congress. It was hard at work. Every Representative was in his seat. A man was addressing the House—a new member, I was informed by an extremely courteous stranger sitting beside me in the gallery—and everybody was giving him *perfect* attention. I was particularly impressed with the dignity and deliberate methods of the House. Later on in the day I went over to the Senate, in the north wing of the Capitol. Somebody was speaking there, too; but it was *not* Mr. Beveridge, so I did not stay long. The Capitol is not inter-

esting. One of the big paintings in the main rotunda shows an Indian with six toes witnessing Pocohontas's baptism. I like Washington immensely, and there are heaps and heaps of things to see here outside of the Government buildings, but I have n't time to note them, I fear.

CHICAGO, April 22.—Is n't Chicago a calm, restful, quiet old place? Even now the sweet Spring zephyrs are beginning to blow. So gentle are they, they almost seem to whisper a lullaby. I am staying with such nice, refined people out here; friends of my father's youth—people who came here long, long ago. They have grown up with the city, and their early struggles with poverty were fierce, I suspect. Mr. Bottkins, my host, is such a lovable gentleman. He is a millionaire now, but you never would suspect it from anything he says or does. He is not at all fat, or squishy, or vulgar, and he hasn't a stub-nose. And he does n't wear side-whiskers! He is a successful pork-packer, and he has a beautiful, tasteful home that isn't located on Michigan Avenue. His wife is so charming—just a dear! A little old-fashioned, perhaps, and a trifle motherly. And she does use such beautiful English, even in the most casual conversation. And the Chicago girls! How pretty and stylish they are! And—really it is most interesting—they *all* seem to have such cute, dainty, little feet!

BROOKLYN, May 5.—Went to church Sunday. Never beheld such slim attendance in a church before, at any time or anywhere! Positively nobody on hand. Everything else in town was wide-open and full to a jam, however. Must be nothing but grown-ups in this place. Would give a dollar to see one real baby, and another to see it in a baby carriage. Guess I will stay here several months. Will not have time to write anything more in this diary before I go over to New York—and I certainly will not be in any hurry about *that*!

James B. Nevin.

Making an enemy of a fool friend is good business provided you can be sure of his becoming a fool enemy.

THE SPRING PLOWING.



PA STUBBLEGRASS DICTATES.

THE FIRST gentle breath of Spring having so laden the air with frost that mother had to knit a pair of mittens for the hands of the kitchen clock to keep them from getting frost bitten, Farmer Stubblegrass gazed out of the kitchen window over the mead and observed:

"'Pears to me thet thet air groun' hog must a' been cross-eyed when he came out the second of February an' seen his shadder, the weather has been so all-fired onsettled ever since. Well, mother, I s'pose we might as well do our garden plantin' an' git ready for them summer-board folks. Git out the plow. They must have their fresh truck."

Mother goes to the dining-room closet and hauls down the queerest-looking plow you ever put your eyes on to. Well, as I live, it's a typewriter! Pa Stubblegrass dictates:

"SHORTCHANGE & LONGWAITE,
Wholesale Grocers,
New York City.

"Gentlemen: Please arrange to ship us weekly, commencing the first of June, 10 dozen cans 'Bullykid' tomatoes; ten dozen cans 'Mule-Ear' corn; 10 dozen cans 'Orchestra' string beans; 10 dozen cans 'Young Willie' succotash; 10 dozen cans 'Father's Worst' condensed milk; 100 cold storage chickens, and 10 cases limed eggs. The eggs you furnished us last year contained a trifle too much lime, and we nearly had a fire from spontaneous com-

bustion every time we tried to slake them. Otherwise everything was first-class. Please ship promptly, as we expect a full house all Summer, and we strive to please."

"You can fool some of the people part of the time and the rest of 'em the rest of the time," remarked Farmer Stubblegrass, as he put on his earlaps and fur cap and stomped out to feed the pigs.

SEX IN CROMWELLS.

OF COURSE, with the sexes on a footing of equality as regarded opportunity, it could not be long until a female Cromwell made her appearance, and, having made her appearance, was getting her portrait painted.

The painter, once more a fawning, courtly fellow, would have the picture a flattery; but she rebuked him in words that became historic!

"Paint in the hips!" she commanded, sternly, showing that she could be more rigidly devoted to the truth than Oliver himself.

THE QUESTION.

WHERE, oh, where has my waist-line gone;

Where, oh, where can it be?

With the waist cut short and the waist cut long—

And now it's down to my knee!

Lucile H. Dole.



THE CURSE OF GENIUS.

THE somber, long-haired, seedy-looking man was speaking in a voice of rolling thunder.

"A million times a million fateful curses sit balefully athwart his hateful head of tow! Through the gloomy eons may his black soul flit homeless forever!"

"Off his balance, I suppose?" observed the stranger.

"Oh, no," said Smith, "that's Rimer, the well-known poet, swearing at the editor who rejected his verses."

THE OPTIMIST.

"Well, it's come at last, Mary. The cost of living's going down, sure. Congress has reduced the tariff on airships, nutmegs, teak-wood tables, and Japanese kites!"

INCREDIBLE.

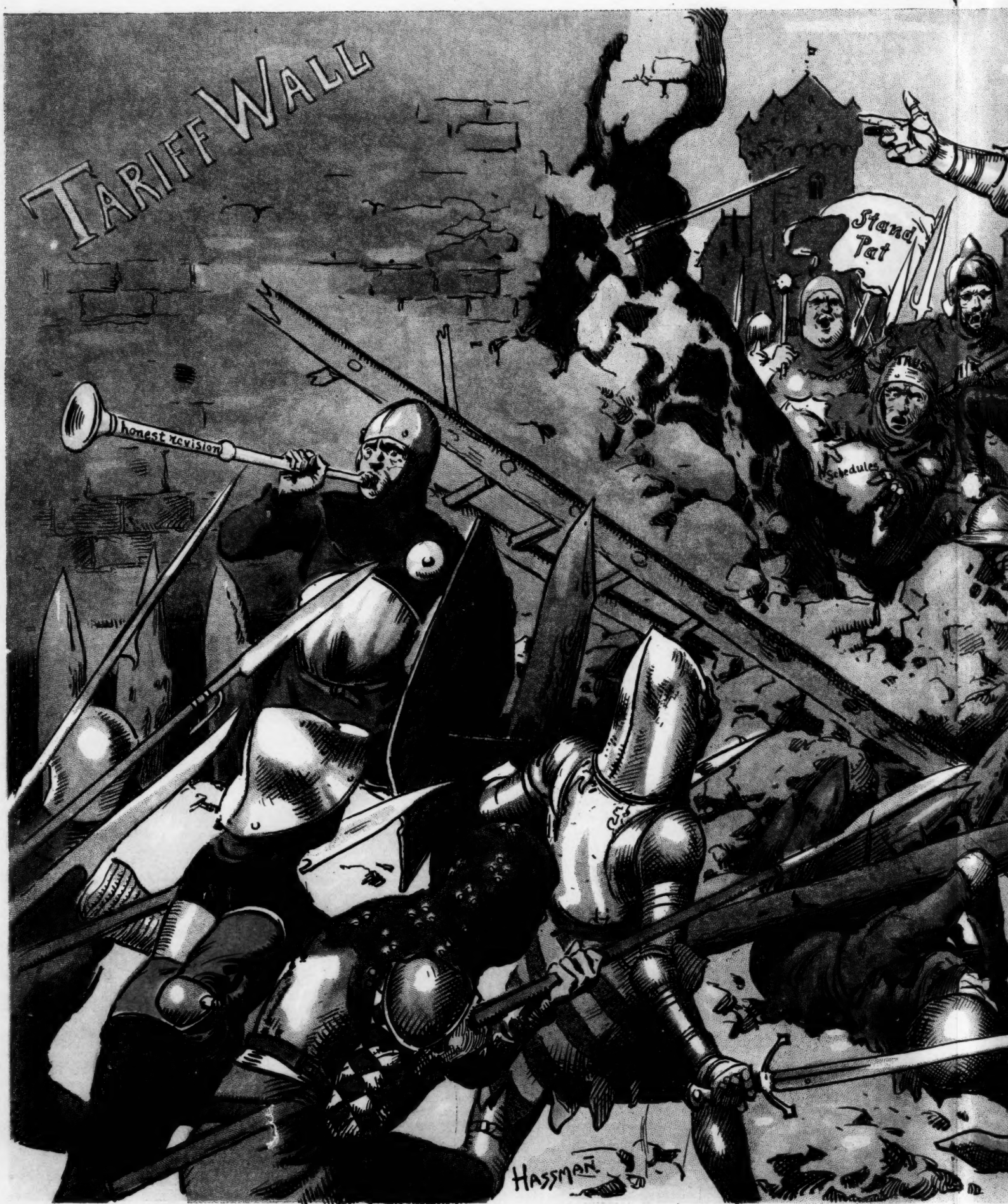
FIRST VESTRYMAN.—Yes, Sir, we must use every honorable means to reduce the mortgage on our church.

SECOND VESTRYMAN.—You don't mean to tell me that all the dishonorable means have been exhausted!



WHEN IN DANGER OF BUYING, USE TIGHTWAD'S TINY BELLOWS.

A GENTLE PRESSURE OF THE FINGERS WILL WAFTE THE CHECK IN FRONT OF SOMEONE ELSE.



THE PUCK PRESS

HENRY V. UP

"Once more unto the breach, dear friends,
Or close the wall up with our bodies."

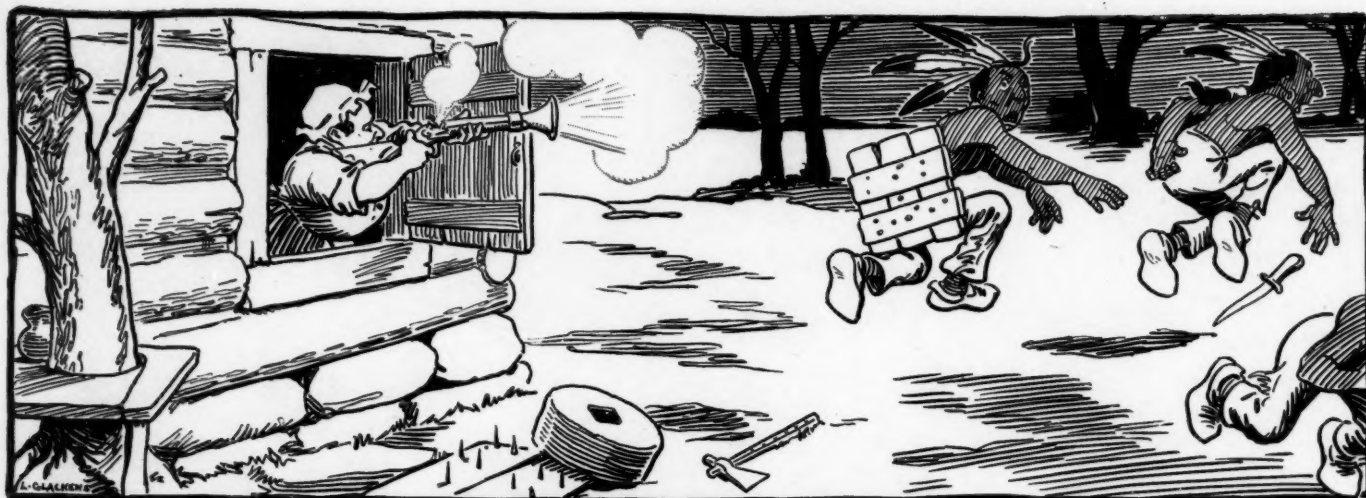


RY V. UP TO DATE.

unto the breach, dear friends, once more
wall up with our Standpat dead!"

Ye Venerable Grouch.

(Being a veracious and entertaining excerpt from ye diary of a Puritan Pessimist.)



ONCE again am I, Adoniram Smollett, moved to take my goose-quille in hande, to here sette down certain random thoughts on ye subject of matrimony and its attendant evils—opinions which for divers reasons it would not be healthy for me to utter aloud—prompted thereto partly by ye fact that I am a bachelor by birth and a kycker by nature, and partly by ye perusal of a write-up, in this week's *Weekly Clarion and Pilgrim Fathers' Vindicator*, of a wedding which lately occurred in our midst; wherein was mention of ye costume of ye blushing bride, ye inspiring strains of ye harpsichord, ye rosy God of Love, ye solemn rites, ye groaning boarde, and such matters.

Now, I fain would confess it seemed to me that what was on ye complexion of ye bride was more a look of triumph than a blush. Ye scribe forgot to mention ye groome at all, but as ye unfortunate young man could not forget himself during the ceremony, that amounts to naught. To my certain knowledge, ye above bride for four years chased ye groome so assiduously as to give color to ye belief that were bloodhounds invented at this time she would have employed them; and no less than thrice has she flung herself into ye pond and compelled him to plunge in and rescue her. None the less, all say she was ledde to ye altar.

Manne came first and woman after, and she's been after him ever since. Manne was undoubtedly made to mourn, but why should he take a wife to help him mourn? Ye Lord knoweth! It is not goode for manne to live alone, but if ye poor wretch don't know what is goode for him, why not lette him ramble along to destruction in his own way? We are told that rumme burns great holes in our stomachs, but if a manne, no matter how humble, should inform me that he liked it that way, I should make answer: "Friend, it is your stomach, and if you persist in perforating it at your own expense, who am I to say you nay?" Thus with matrimony; if a manne loveth peace and quiet more than marriage, why should n't he remain single? It is all very well to point him to ye Scriptural admonition to increase and multiply, but who, oh, who, wants to enter into competition with ye rabbit?

There would be more inducement, it seemeth to me, to embrace ye married state if ye bride continued to be ye gentle and entertaining creature she was in ye beginning. But, ere long, she shucks off ye clinging and captivating ways of her maidenhood, as ye locust doth his skinne, and acquireth double chinnes and an omnipotent air, and bosseth not only her husband and ye Lord, but all ye affairs of ye community as well.

Now, I did not carp because ye Towne Council, at ye behest of ye goodwives of ye

Colony, placed a tax on bachelors, for ye privilege is certainly worth ye price; but when these same ladies in solemn conclave did decide that I should newly paint my wooden legge once so often, I considered it sumptuary procedure, to say ye least in ye mildest way. I held that a legge is a legge, whether of wood or no, and as much a manne's personal business as his backache or his politics; but they contended that a legge is a limb, even if of wood, and that ye exposure thereof is a disturbance of ye peace. And,—— but when a manne holds and a pack of women contend, ye sooner he letteth go ye better for him, for ye women will never cease to contend so long as he holdeth.

At one time I knew a widow—I may confess that I had even begun to softly repeat to myself ye fable that two can live as cheaply as one. But before it was everlastingly too late, ye widow had a premonition that there was imminent danger from ye Wampanoags. A premonition is usually that which after ye happening of ye event ye person claims to have had beforehand and forgotten to mention. But, strange to say, in this case ye widow was on ye right carde. She proceeded to take one large cellar door, through ye which she drave at close intervals long wrought-iron nails so that they did sticke out on ye opposite side full two inches, after which she with great labor filed all ye nails to sharpe points. She then treated a little door in like manner, after which she buried ye bigge door very lightly beneath a certain window and covered it over with a thinne layer of loose dirt, with ye nail-points upward. And, knowing ye proneness of ye Indian to sidesteppe his responsibilities, she did in like manner bury ye little door at one side of ye bigge one. Then she left ye window open, made sundry other preparations, and satte back to await ye coming of ye untutored Aborigines.

In ye deade of ye night ye vile Wampanoags approached ye humble home of ye widow so stealthily that naught was heard but ye yea and neigh of ye horse-chestnut trees in ye grove harde by, until several of ye varlets did steppe with their bare feet upon ye sharpe nailles, whereupon they did for a space dance and yelle most hellishly. As ye gentle widow had opined, ye leader of ye pack leaped to one side and did land in a sitting posture on ye fangs of ye little door, whereon he did most elaborately impale himself; and as at this moment ye widow did hurl out upon him a full-grown grindstone, and thus nail him harde and fast, ye last end of that manne was worse than ye first. Ye Indian, as a race, is as harde to kille as a catte, and ye redde gentlemanne arose amidst thunders of applause and departed with his face toward ye east, with ye little door still nailed onto his western slope.



BY WIRELESS PHOTOGRAPHY.

THE FIRST VICTIM OF HIS UNERRING AIM.

Easy Street, however, is neither the happiest nor the healthiest street in the world.

PUCK



THE THEFT.

About this time ye widow turned loose on ye fleeing Indians a blunderbusse which, being short of bullets, she had wisely loaded with dry beans, most of which found lodgement except such as rattled harmlessly against ye little door on ye back of ye leader of ye vile horde. It may be added that never again, so long as there remained a Wampanoag that knew beans, was ye widow molested. All this was most truly a roaring joke and a button-buster on ye Indians. But I took thought that it might not seem so funny to me should ye lady some time mistake me for an Indian; and I held my peace and proposed not.

So it is that my strictures on matrimony do not come from my own experience, but rather from my observations at long range. I am not a bigot, but allow that for those that like that kind of a thing it is probably exactly the kind of a thing they like, but, as for me, give me liberty or give me death!

ADONIRAM SMOLLETT,
His hande and penne.
Tom P. Morgan.

POLICE
DOGS
OUTDONE.



TRACKING THE THIEF.

deleterious effects of alcohol and nicotine.

The inmates of these tenements should be compelled to wear enough clothes to cover themselves decently. Loud talk and rude and boisterous behavior, over-feeding, and excessive social work, such as sitting up until two or three in the morning, should be prohibited. The State has a right to look after the health and general effectiveness of its citizens.

The surroundings should also be under supervision, and no inordinate displays of garish decorations should be permitted on the premises. All signs of degeneracy should be carefully examined, and their causes made known. In short, any body of citizens who are not contributing their share in moral fibre and in offspring toward the ultimate benefit of the State should be investigated. If they are parasites, they should be properly cared for and reconstructed along scientific lines. We are beginning to do this with the slums. Why not with the slummers?

MISSIONS.

PERSONS who fancy they can't do right by the Lord and still mind their own business, find a happy outlet in foreign missions. Instead of having to stay at home, where their neighbors must sooner or later feel obliged to kill them off, they may become missionaries, especially among those heathen who are taught by their religion to be patient and slow to anger.

And if, moreover, foreign missions can be made incidentally to cost so much as materially to facilitate the passage of sundry important camels through the eye of the needful needle, they have that further claim on our consideration.

THIS VALE OF TEARS.

THE NEWS that science had at length discovered the means of destroying the germ of the last ill which flesh was heir to called forth rapturous rejoicings throughout the world. "Henceforth perfect health will reign universally!" people everywhere exclaimed, and gave themselves up to congratulations.

But that was not to be—in the very next day's paper was the account of somebody having invented a microscope so powerful as to reveal a lot more germs, which meant, of course, that it would be no time at all until everybody was sick again.

LET US BEGIN.

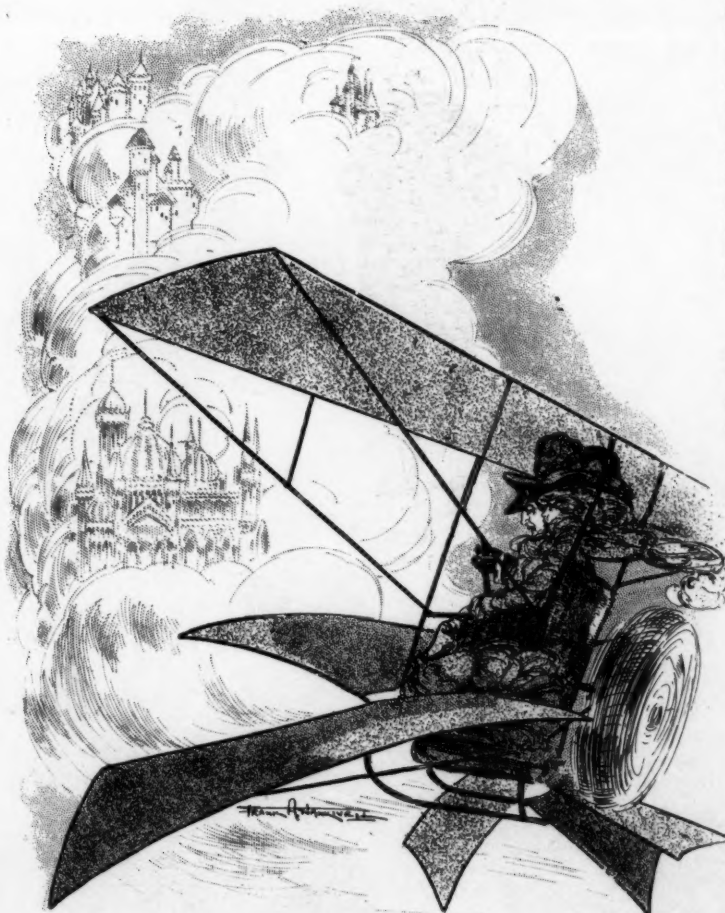
A VERY wealthy lady has recently arranged to have a model tenement built in New York for the use of the poorer classes. What is really needed, however, is a tenement for the rich. Such a tenement should be restricted in its nature and character. It should have plenty of fresh air and sunlight. It should be subjected to those highly moral influences which have come to be recognized as the basis of an exalted civilized condition. Ladies should be prohibited from drinking cocktails and smoking cigarettes, and the Board of Health should have placards placed upon the walls, showing the



CAUGHT WITH THE GOODS.



WHY NOT HUBBY, TOO?



AIR CASTLES.
ACCESSIBLE AT LAST.

These Mints Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Chiclets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL

The Dainty Mint Covered Candy Coated Chewing Gum

Particularly Desirable
after Dinner

YOUR DOCTOR KNOWS

that the six drops
of real peppermint
in every Chiclet are
good for the stomach.

Sold in 5¢ 10¢ and 25¢ packets
Frank H. Neer & Company Inc.
Philadelphia, U.S.A. and Toronto, Can.

FABULOUS.

It happened one day
On a street-car, they say,
And the man came from Mount St. Elias.
He stood on his feet,
Gave a lady his seat,
And "she thanked him." (3:16, Ananias.)
—*Harvard Lampoon.*

TEACHER.—What do you understand by the word "self-denial"?

PUPIL.—It is when some one comes to borrow money from father and he says he is not at home.—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

THE little girl was very fond of pleasant days, and at the close of a heavy rain-storm petitioned in her prayer for fine weather; when, the next morning, the sun shone bright and clear she became jubilant and told her prayer to her grandmother, who said:

"Well, dear, why can't you pray to-night that it may be warmer to-morrow, so that grandma's rheumatism will be better?"

"All right; I will," was the quick response; and that night as she knelt she said: "O Lord, please make it hot for grandma."—*Toledo Blade.*

A HUNTER WHISKEY HIGH BALL IS REFRESHING

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.



PUCK PROOFS

PHOTOGRAVURES FROM PUCK

Copyright, 1900, by Keppler & Schwarzmann.



ON THE PICKET LINE.

By E. Frederick.

Photogravure in Sepia, 19 x 15 in.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

Copyright, 1900, by Keppler & Schwarzmann.



A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE.

By Carl Hassmann.

Photogravure in Carbon Black, 19 x 15 in.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

These are but two examples of PUCK PROOFS. Send Ten Cents for Catalogue with over Seventy Miniature Reproductions.

Address PUCK, 295-309 Lafayette Street, New York

Trade supplied by Gubelman Publishing Co., 801 Third Ave., New York



JUST SO.

"What is the feminine of Broker?"

"Oh, —er— Chorus Girl, I should say."

Hotels and restaurants should have a bottle of Abbott's Bitters handy in the dining-room for a fruit cocktail. Adds to the deliciousness of grape fruit.

AN OLD SAYING.

"A penny for your thoughts," said the postman.

"What do you mean?" inquired the poet.

"There's a cent due on this returned manuscript."—*Kansas City Journal.*

HE GOT THE JOB.

The Boston merchant stared hard at the latest candidate for office-boy.

"Well," he asked, "how many afternoons will it require to b. y. g.?"

The boy did not smile.

"My grandmother was buried many years ago," he replied. "But, frankly, sir, I would like to see a good ball game once a week—without any fictitious excuses for leaving the office."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*



PHILIP MORRIS ORIGINAL LONDON CIGARETTES

Anywhere and everywhere, they're always the proper thing to smoke.

CAMBRIDGE
the regular size

AMBASSADOR
after-dinner size

In Little Brown Boxes

FAIR PATIENT.—I feel quite worn out, doctor. The incessant ringing of those church bells has got on my nerves!

DOCTOR (young and Hibernian). — Och, shure an' we'll remedy that! I'll have straw laid down in the street. — *Tit-Bits.*

BUNNER'S SHORT STORIES

H. C. BUNNER.

SHORT SIXES.

Stories to be Read while the Candle Burns. Illustrated.

THE RUNAWAY BROWNS.

A Story of Small Stories. Illustrated.

MADE IN FRANCE.

French Tales Retold with a United States Twist. Illustrated.

MORE SHORT SIXES.

Illustrated.

THE SUBURBAN SAGE.

Stray Notes and Comments on His Simple Life. Illustrated.

Five Volumes, in Cloth, \$5.00
Per Volume, " " 1.00

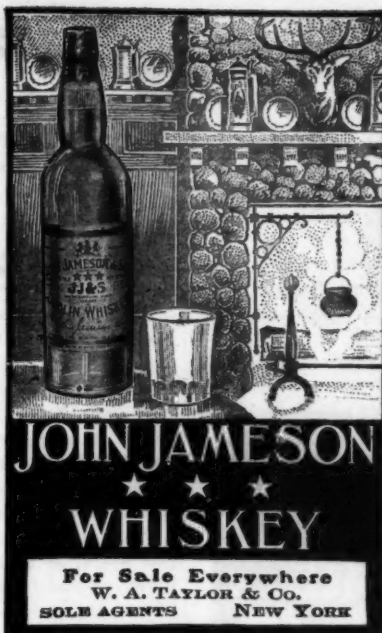
For sale by all Booksellers, or from the Publishers on receipt of price.

Address PUCK, New York.

UNTRAINED.
"Has she been in society very long?"
"I don't think so. It seems to be a positive effort for her to be rude." — *Cleveland Leader.*

INSINUATING.
"Lady," said Meandering Mike, "you don't want to listen to no hard luck story, do you?"
"Not a bit of it."
"You relieve my mind. If you want to hear somethin' worth while you jes' gimme a chance to show what I kin do as an after-dinner speaker." — *Washington Star.*

"How do you like your feather boa?"
"Tickles me to death." — *Harvard Lampoon.*



**JOHN JAMESON
WHISKEY**

For Sale Everywhere
W. A. TAYLOR & CO.
SOLE AGENTS NEW YORK

CRUEL SUSPICION.
"Bliggins is a great reader. He invariably buys a newspaper before getting on a street-car."
"I have noticed the paper," answered Miss Cayenne. "But I am not so sure he reads it. Maybe he holds it up because he's too polite to see a lady standing." — *Washington Star.*

JONES had recently become the father of twins. The minister stopped him on the street to congratulate him.
"Well, Jones," he said, "I hear that the Lord has smiled on you."
"Smiled on me!" repeated Jones. "He laughed out loud at me!" — *Everybody's.*



WHEN IT HAPPENED.

GREEN GOLFER.—Why, did I knock it in the hole, Caddie?

CADDIE.—Yessir; that last stroke when yer shut yer eyes on account of the dust.

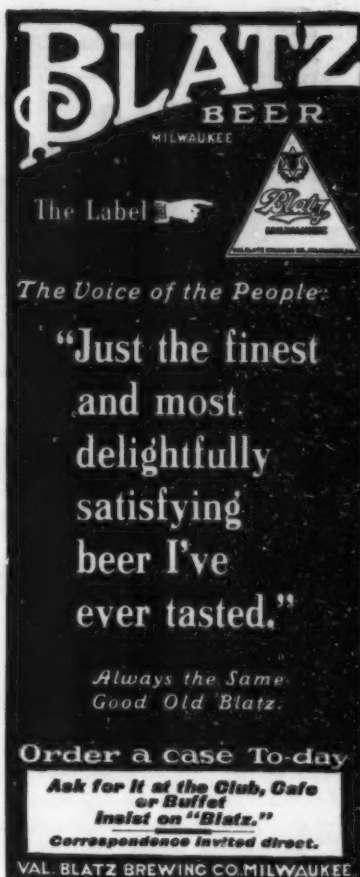
To half a grape fruit add a teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters, and sugar to suit the taste. It's the ideal way to serve this delicious fruit.

O'FLANNIGAN'S SORROW.

O'Flannigan came home one night with a deep band of black crape around his hat.

"Why, Mike," exclaimed his wife, "what are you wearing that mournful thing for!"

"I'm wearing it for your first husband," replied Mike, firmly; "I'm sorry he's dead!" — *Pick-Me-Up.*



**BLATZ
BEER**

The Label

The Voice of the People:

"Just the finest and most delightfully satisfying beer I've ever tasted."

Always the Same.
Good Old Blatz.

Order a case To-day

Ask for it at the Club, Cafe or Buffet
Insist on "Blatz."

Correspondence invited direct.

VAL. BLATZ BREWING CO. MILWAUKEE.

CHEER UP!!!



CHEER UP!! Photo Gelatine Print, 9 x 12 in.
By Leighton Budd. PRICE 25 CENTS

Get a copy of this popular print and **MAKE HOME HAPPY.**

This is but one example of the PUCK PROOFS. Send Ten Cents for new Catalogue with over Seventy Miniature Reproductions.

Address PUCK, New York.
295-309 Lafayette Street

Trade supplied by GUBELMAN COMPANY
801 Third Avenue, New York.

Williams' Shaving Soap

"The only kind that won't smart or dry on the face"

Set down all the good things you would like to find in a Shaving Stick. Then sum them up by buying **WILLIAMS'.**

May be had in the form of Shaving Sticks or Shaving Tablets.



Established 1810

OLD OVERHOLT RYE

Almost a century of continuous manufacture under the same formula and in the same old way.

A. OVERHOLT & CO.
PITTSBURG, PA.

"Don't you think," said the landlord, "that a law permitting drinks with Sunday meals would be a good thing?"

"No, sir," responded the guest, "it would ruin the public digestion. No man could eat a dozen meals Sunday and keep well, sir." — *Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

LADIES CAN WEAR SHOES

one size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy; gives instant relief to corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease is a certain cure for tired, sweating, hot, aching feet. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. For FREE trial package, also Free Sample of the FOOT-EASE Sanitary CORN-PAD, a new invention, address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

WHEN COURAGE FAILED.

"Duke," asked the heiress eagerly, "did you see father?"
"Yes."
"Well?"
"We talked about the weather."
"What? Lost your nerve again? Why don't you brace up and talk like a man—a subject of a king on whose domain the sun never sets?"
"Can't," moaned the duke. "All the time I was in your father's office he kept grinning at a big painting."
"What painting?"
"The battle of Bunker Hill." — *Lippincott's*.

The Best Bitter Liqueur

Underberg
The World's Best Bitters

A cordial for them that like the best, a tonic for those who wish to get better.

Sold Everywhere

LUTTIES BROTHERS,
U. S. Agents, New York.

FACETIOUS.

"They say that New Yorkers like the new London play, 'An Englishman's House.'"
"Yes; I understand they shoot the Englishman in the climax."
"Is it as brutal as that?" — *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.



WHEN A BRIDE GOES TO MARKET.

After the bride of a week had inspected all the fresh vegetables in the store, punched a few and inquired prices all around, she said to the patient clerk: "These tomatoes are just twice as dear as those across the street. Why is it?"

"Ah, yes, ma'am, to be sure; but, you know, as I see you are a judge, these"—and the grocer smiled—"these are hand-picked!"

"Of course!" she said, hastily, blushing. "Why, I might have known. Give me a bushel, please." — *Ladies' Home Journal*.

STYLE
NEATNESS
COMFORT
THE IMPROVED
BOSTON GARTER

The Name is stamped on every loop—Be sure it's there

THE *Velvet Grip* CUSHION BUTTON
CLASP

LIES FLAT TO THE LEG—NEVER SLIPS, TEARS, NOR UNFASTENS

Worn All Over The World
Sample pair, Silk 50c., Cotton 25c. Mailed on receipt of price.

GEORGE FROST CO.
Boston, Mass.

**INSIST ON HAVING THE GENUINE
REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES**



REWARD OF INGENUITY.

IRATE JUDGE.—Well, sir, what is the reason you cannot serve as a jurymen?

SUBSTANTIAL CITIZEN.—Well, your honor, my grandmother died last night, and—

IRATE JUDGE.—Excused! Next!

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.

SURE THING.

"If I take the place, mum," inquired the prospective cook, "kin I eat with the family?"

"I should say so!" exclaimed Mrs. Subbubs. "Why, I'll give a dinner in your honor every week!" — *Washington Herald*.

A WELL-KNOWN usher in a suburban church overslept himself last Sunday, and had to don his clothes in a hurry.

"What in the world's the matter with this?" he asked, struggling and wrestling with his shirt.

"Oh, I guess the girl boiled it a little too long, dear; that's all," replied his wife.

"Looks to me as if she had fried it!" said the man. — *Tit-Bits*.

BUNNER'S Short Stories



H.C. Bunner

SHORT SIXES

They will delight all sorts and conditions of readers.
— *Pittsburgh Dispatch*.

The Runaway Browns

Will bring more than one hearty laugh even from those unused to smile. — *N. Y. P. & S. Bulletin*.

Made in France

Though the creations are De Maupassant's the style is Bunner's, and we are well acquainted with that quaint humor and originality. — *Detroit Free Press*.

More Short Sixes

You smile over their delicious absurdities, perhaps, but never roar because they are "awfully funny." — *Boston Times*.

The Suburban Sage

Mr. Bunner in the present volume writes in his most happy mood. — *Boston Times*.

Five Volumes, in Cloth, - \$5.00
or separately:

Per Volume. - - - 1.00

For sale by all Booksellers, or by mail from the Publishers on receipt of price.

Address:
PUCK, New York.



THE SENATOR'S TICKET.

A newly elected Senator from the West was on his way to Washington. He was thinking great things, when the conductor came into the car with his characteristic "Have your tickets ready." The Senator began to fumble in one pocket, then another. When the conductor came to him he was still looking for his ticket.

"Did you have it when you got on?" inquired the conductor, somewhat impatiently.

"Of course I did. This is n't my first trip."

"Then you could n't have lost it."

"Could n't have lost it?" replied the irate politician. "Shucks! I lost a bass-drum once."—Lippincott's.

"And you would n't begin a journey on Friday?"

"You bet I would n't!"

"I can't understand how you can have any faith in such a silly superstition."

"No superstition about it. Saturday's pay-day."—Chicago Journal.



FASHION HINT FROM THE PARIS ZOO.

PICKING OUT TWINS.

The benevolent old gentleman stopped at the sight of the two similar-looking infants in the baby-carriage, and said in a pleasant voice to the girl in attendance: "Ah! Twins?"

"Yes, sir," replied the girl; "both boys."

"So?" said the old gentleman. "How do you tell them apart?"

"This one," said the nurse, pointing, "is this, and that one is that."

"Dear me!" said the old gentleman, "how very interesting. But," he added, indicating the second one, "might not this one be this also?"

"It might," said the girl, after a short pause. "Then, of course, that one would be that."

"Well, then," said the old gentleman, "how do you manage to separate them?"

"We seldom do; but when we want to we put one in one room and the other in another."

"How do you know which one you're putting in which room?"

"We look and see which one is in the other room, and then we know the other is in the which room."

"Very good," said the old gentleman, warming up to the problem, "but if one of them was in the house and the other was away somewhere, would you be able to tell which was in the house?"

"Oh, yes, sir," said the girl, earnestly; "all we would have to do would be to look at him and then we would know that the one we saw was the one in the house, and then, of course, the one away somewhere would be the other. There are only two of them, you see, which makes it very easy!"

The benevolent old gentleman then passed on.—Tit-Bits.



SOMETHING SHE DOESN'T HAVE TO DO.

"I'll bet that young girl's parents keep three hired girls and a cook."

"What makes you think so?"

"She says she just loves housework and could live in the kitchen."—Detroit Free Press.



The Army and Navy Forever

These are the type of men sworn to defend the glory and honor of the nation by land and by sea—to uphold Law and Justice—to protect our property and our lives—and guard our homes when we sleep. Must they not, of necessity, be strong, healthy, full blooded and brave? Every one knows that the most popular beverage of such men is

Budweiser

The King of All Bottled Beers

No beer on earth has ever equaled it for surpassing excellence and absolute purity. It is the noblest brew ever made by the skill of man. The *life* of the malt is in it and the *life* of the hop—the first a food and the second a tonic.

The Most Popular Beer in the World

Bottled Only at the
**Anheuser-Busch
Brewery**
St. Louis, U. S. A.

CORKED or with CROWN CAPS



BUDWEISER served everywhere, at all first-class hotels, clubs, cafes and bars.

IN A certain restaurant the electric lights were suddenly extinguished. When they were turned on again after a few moments, a lady whispered to her companion:

"Somebody kissed me!"

"Yes, and somebody took my veal cutlet!" replied the other, bitterly.—*The Argonaut.*

LOFTIS SYSTEM DIAMONDS ON CREDIT WATCHES

YOU CAN EASILY OWN A DIAMOND OR WATCH, or present one as a gift to some loved one. Send for our beautiful descriptive catalog. Whatever you select therefrom we send on approval. If you like it, pay one-fifth on delivery, balance in 8 equal monthly payments. Your credit is good. Our prices are lowest. We give a written guarantee of value and quality. As a good investment nothing is safer than a Diamond. It increases in value. THE OLD RELIABLE ORIGINAL DIAMOND AND WATCH CREDIT HOUSE. Illustrated catalog—it is free. Do it now.

LOFTIS BROS. & CO. Dept. E 56. 92 to 98 State St., Chicago, Ill.—Branches: Pittsburg, Pa., and St. Louis, Mo.

PAT and Mike enlisted in the British army. After their first drill the captain, thinking the circumstances opportune for a little lecture on patriotism, demanded, eloquently:

"Soldiers, why should a man die for his king and country?"

This struck Pat as a proper question. Turning to Mike, he said:

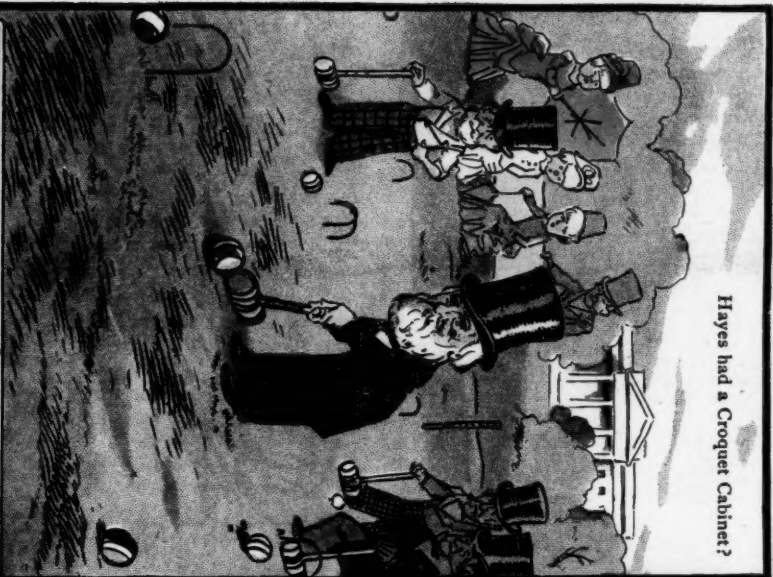
"Faith, Moike, the Captain is right! Whoi?"—*Everybody's.*

HENRY LINDENMEYR & SONS PAPER WAREHOUSE,

39, 41 and 43 Bleeker Street. } New York.
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Hookman Street.
All kinds of Paper made to order



ROOSEVELT HAD A TENNIS CABINET, TAFT HAS A GOLF CABINET, BUT
HOW MANY FOLKS KNOW THAT—



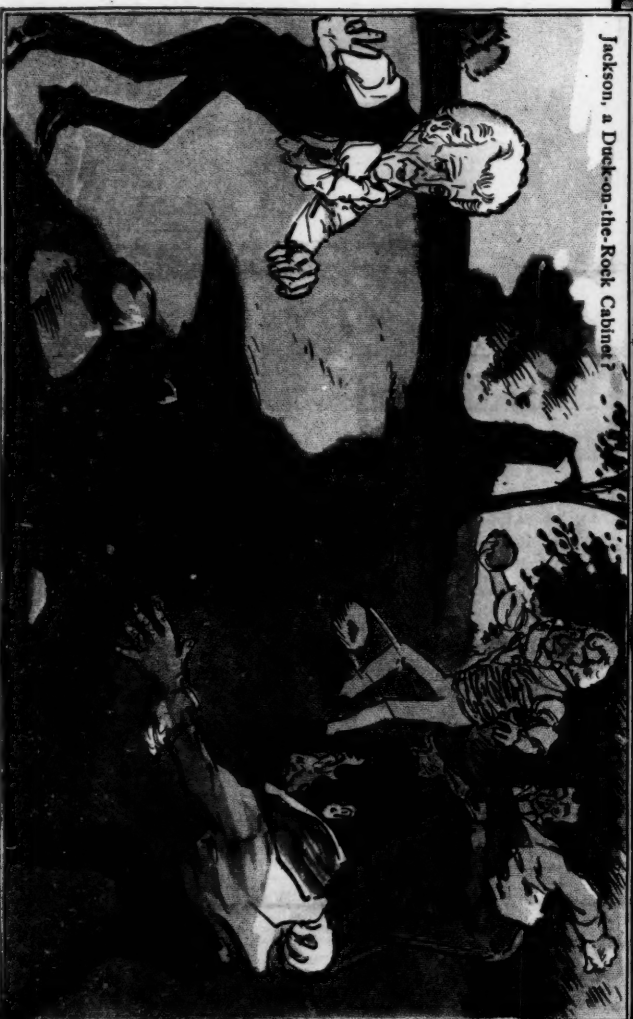
Hayes had a Croquet Cabinet?



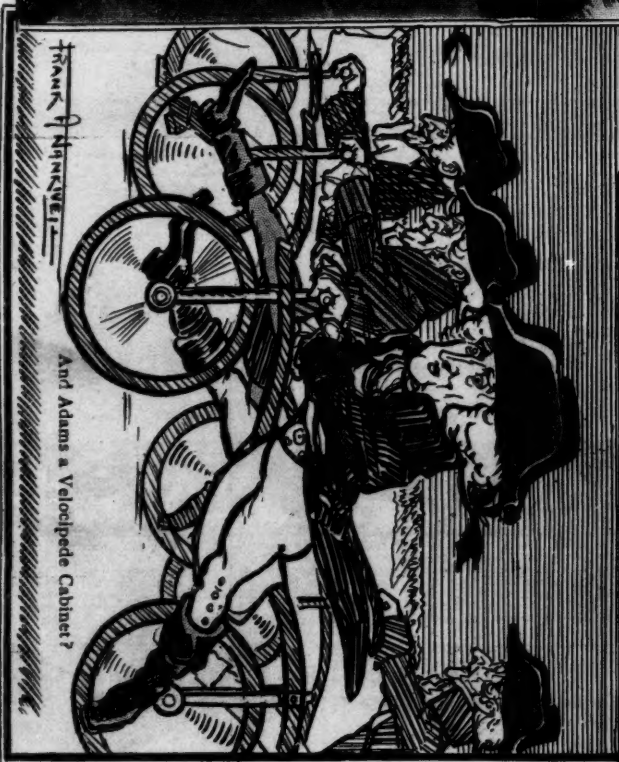
Pierce, a Rounders Cabinet?



Jefferson, a Shiny Cabinet?



Jackson, a Duck-on-the-Rock Cabinet?



Franklin Pierce

And Adams a Velocipede Cabinet?